Here are the first two issues of a very small, very red review called *Sinc6rit6.* M. Nazzi nourishes it all alone. Who is M. Louis Nazzi? To introduce him to me these sixty pages are not enough. They inform me as to his opinions rather than as to his tastes — that is to say, as to himself. I cannot be interested in the opinions before being interested in the person.

The word *sincerity* is one of those that are becoming harder for me to understand. I have known so many young men who vaunted their sincerity! . . . Some were pretentious and unbearable; others, brutal: their very tone of voice rang false. . . . In general, every young man thinks he is sincere when he has convictions and is incapable of criticism.

And what a confusion between sincerity and cheek! Sincerity means something to me, in art, only when it is consented to reluctantly. Only very banal souls easily achieve the sincere expression of their personality. For a new personality can be expressed sincerely only in a new form. The sentence that is personal to us must remain as peculiarly difficult to stretch as the bow of Ulysses.

## THE DEATH OF CHARLES-LOUIS PHILIPPE

No! no, it wasn't the same thing. . . . This time, he who disappears is a *real* man. We were counting on him; we were dependent on him; \ve loved him. And suddenly he ceases to be there,

*On the way to C6rilly*

I am writing this in the train—where I am still chatting with him. Oh, already confused recollections! If I did not fix them today, tomorrow, already utterly crushed, I should get them all mixed up.

Saturday evening a note from Marguerite Audoux tells me that Philippe is ill.

Sunday morning I rush to his place, on the Quai

Bourbon; his concierge sends me to the Dubois hospital; he is unkown there. I learn that three persons came to ask for him die day before, who went away as uninformed as I. MmeAudoux's card bears no indication. . . . What shall I do? . . . Doubtless Francis Jourdain can give me some news; I write him. The telegram I receive from him on Tuesday morning already deprives me of all hope; I rush to the address he gives me.

At the end of the corridor in the Velpeau hospital a room door remains open. Philippe is there. Ah, what does it matter now that the long windows of that room open directly into a big bright garden! It would